

CAMPBELL HERESS IS HIS DEAL, SAYS VAN HEEL OF BRIDE

Author Who Wed Woman With Millions Calls Modern Girls Shallow.

WIFE INSPIRES HIM.

Calls Love a Soul Union and Asserts Years Do Not Count.

When Henry Klas van Heel, novelist, linguist and international traveler of Amsterdam, arrived in the city yesterday from California with his bride, formerly Mrs. Florence A. Campbell, he learned with regret that, even on a honeymoon, it is impossible to travel incognito in America.

The romantic marriage of the young Hollander to the widow of James Campbell, multi-millionaire broker and traction magnate, was not an event that could be kept in obscurity. The bride is a life beneficiary in her first husband's \$20,000,000 estate. On her mother's side she is a descendant of the Van Rensselaer family. Mrs. van Heel is a writer of children's stories.

Mrs. van Heel said yesterday she was born in 1874, at No. 163 West 49th Street. Her first husband was twenty-one years her senior. Mr. van Heel is younger.

"You may say," he said yesterday, "that I was born in the historic town of Utrecht, Holland, in 1885, and that the reason I look so young is because of my Dutch complexion. I will look just the same when I am sixty. If the American men would realize, as I do, that love is a union of soul, there would be fewer unhappy marriages. Disparity of age has nothing to do with companionship and inspiration."

"Young girls of to-day are shallow and irresponsible. From the day I first met Mrs. van Heel, at a dinner given by Mrs. Adolphus Buchs, at Pasadena, she has been my ideal, my companion and my inspiration. All our tastes and interests are in harmony. She accompanies me when I write."

"It is our plan to sail to the little Dutch cottage which I have on the Zuyder Zee. Later we will go to Paris."

"We shall buy a place on the Riviera," Mrs. van Heel interposed, "in which we will spend three months of every year."

"The statement that I am, or ever have been connected with moving pictures is erroneous," Mr. van Heel announced. "I particularly wish the statement corrected. I am a writer of Dutch fiction. I came here to get local color and atmosphere. I had a cabin in the mountains not far from Hollywood. During my stay there I sold two scenarios and made the acquaintance of Eric von Stroheim."

He said he accompanied Theodore Roosevelt during the latter's European tour in 1910, as correspondent of the Nieuwste Dageblad of Amsterdam.

Besides the Campbell country house at Greenwich, where Mr. and Mrs. van Heel will remain for a few weeks before sailing, Mrs. van Heel has the Campbell mansion in St. Louis and the beautiful estate, Villa Chalon, at Pasadena.

G. J. GOULD DEFENDANT IN \$12,600,000 SUIT

Renewal of Action by Receivers Over Terminal Deal.

Trial of an action for \$12,600,000 brought by the receivers of the Wabash Pittsburgh Terminal Railroad against George J. Gould and Myron T. Herrick was resumed yesterday before Supreme Court Justice Finch.

The action, which centers around the organization of the Wabash Pittsburgh Terminal Railroad by the Pittsburgh and Toledo syndicate of which Gould and Herrick were members, was filed in 1910. It did not come to trial until about a year ago and then progressed about ten days when it was suspended.

DROWNS HERSELF IN TUB.

Separated From Husband, Writes, "Can't Stand Grief Any Longer."

Grief-stricken over being separated from her husband, and suffering from a nervous disorder, Mrs. Constance F. Marvin, sixty, drowned herself yesterday in a bathtub in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson W. Dingwall, No. 208 North Columbus Avenue, Mount Vernon, where she had a room. Mrs. Marvin had been down in the filled tub after writing this note, addressed to Mrs. Dingwall:

"Dear Mrs. D. I cannot bear my grief any longer nor the physical suffering. May God forgive the one responsible for it all. Goodbye, with love, C. F. M."

EPISCOPAL CHURCHES JOIN.

Zion and St. Timothy, Hurt by Fire, and St. Matthew Are Merged.

Announcement was made last night of the consolidation of plans for the consolidation of the Episcopal Church of Zion and St. Timothy, No. 228 West 47th Street, which was damaged by fire there, at last, and the Church of St. Matthew, No. 24 West 54th Street, between Central Park West and Columbus Avenue.

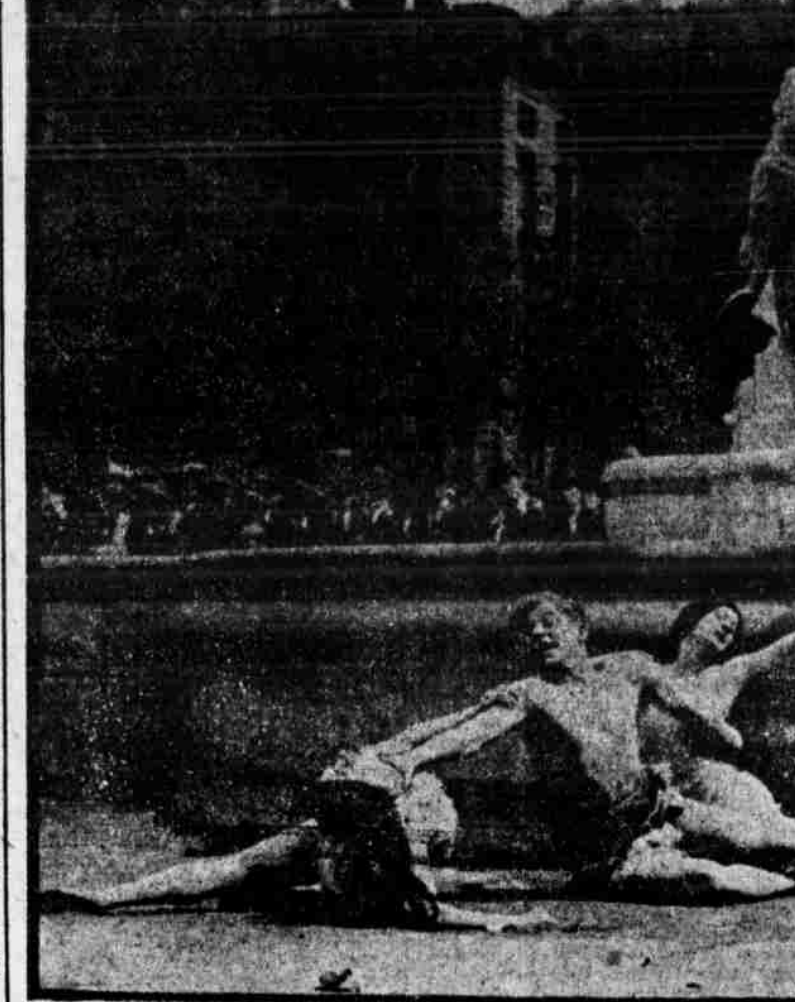
A meeting of the Church of Zion and St. Timothy was held last night in the West Side Y. M. C. A., in West 37th Street, and plans for the consolidation were approved. Frederick H. Meador, a warden of the Church of St. Matthew, presented a message of "greeting and sympathy" on behalf of his church to the church which is to unite with it.

Rough Guy as "Civic Virtue" Sees the Real Thing Posed by Living Models in the City Hall Park

Here the Reverse Idea of the Now Famous Statue Is Shown, for a Husky Young Woman Becomes the Victor.

With nothing much more than goose-flesh with a blue vein here and there to protect them against the biting wind, five sure-enough young women and a large chap of the weight-throwing type planted themselves at the base of Civic Virtue to-day and produced a reverse tableau on the MacMonnies idea. That is, instead of having a man escaping from the temptation of two fishy, finny vamps, they portrayed a chit of a scantily robed girl, understand it was only art by art artists, tried to rescue the girl, was rudely pushed back by a cop who understood.

"Back or I'll bean you," warned the cop. Just when the crowd swayed threateningly Meeka Aldrich, tall and well developed, reached down and pulled the chit of a girl from the grasp of the big chap. Meeka represented Civic Virtue, new style. The rescued girl was Florence Martin. She was aided by Ruth Southgate, a



almost frozen to death, being choked by the energetic athlete.

Just what this poor girl did to deserve such treatment, even the cop who held back the admiring crowd of young men, could not explain. A youth in the crowd, who didn't

Richard Croker's Only Sister Is Unable to Understand His Estrangement From Children

Mrs. Jenkins Tells of Brother's Love for Family and Is Mystified by His Sudden Turning Against Relatives and Friends.

By Joseph S. Jordan.

There is a white-haired, sweet-faced gentle woman, the windows of whose apartment look down into Gramercy Park, whose thoughts drift now and again across the seas and dwell with sadness on the turrets and tenants of Glencalm Castle. She is the widow of Dr. W. T. Jenkins, former Health Officer of New York and the only sister of Richard Wested Croker, late Tammany leader, who has just been buried in Ireland.

Mrs. Jenkins cares nothing for the millions left by her brother, only she makes no secret of her desire and hope that the children of Mr. Croker shall be awarded by the courts their share of their father's estate. Her sorrow is that her brother should have died alone in a far off land estranged from those who shared his love and constituted his joy and happiness for the best years of his life, only to be cut off from him in his declining days.

"I cannot comprehend Richard's actions," she said to-day after friends had induced her to speak of the brother whose companion and chum she had been in the early days before and after Mr. Croker had become the leader of the Tammany organization. "The whole business looks queer to me, and I feel certain that some influence was at work to make him do as he did."

"It seems impossible that such a devoted father and the lovely son he was to his mother could cut off his children at the last moment and be in the possession of his own senses. Why, when Frank was killed in the automobile accident at Daytona, I thought Richard would go insane from grief. His love for his children was a passion with him."

NO REASON FOR ESTRANGEMENT IN FAMILY.

"There was no reason for an estrangement, none in the world. For many years up to his marriage and

red-haired Venus, Margery Leet, a redder-haired Juno and Esther Somera, a black-haired Vesta. Meeka posed on the apex of the group triumphant.

Meanwhile the bad, bad male, who wore a grapevine around his waist and a pair of swimming trunks, groveled like a disappointed cave man. This part was played by Jack K. Triest.

The idea of the tableau was to show that man holds woman down, and that woman rescues woman from the bad man.

There seemed to be a sarcastic

who counted and he was judged by his deeds. "But his enemies have described him as a gangster and a man who came from the slums. It was awful to me. 'The Landed Gentry' will tell you all about the Crokers. The family seat of the Crokers, in Ballynagarde, in the County of Limerick, is one of the show places of Ireland. Richard, my brother, was born in the Quakerstown House, in the town of Mallow. Our father was Eyre Coote Croker, a younger son of Major Henry Croker of the British Army."

"He married Harriet Dillon, the daughter of John Dillon, M. P., and came to this country when Richard was three years old. A grandfather of Richard was a Lieutenant in the British Army and fought at White Plains and at Bunker Hill. He retired as a Major and married an heiress. An uncle of ours was a celebrated surgeon of Sydney, where a monument erected to his memory for his great work still stands. Another uncle married Caroline Devonshire, a reigning English beauty."

"The original of 'The Beautiful Miss Croker,' painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, was the daughter of John Wilson Croker, a cousin of Richard's father. Mr. J. P. Morgan is now the owner of the painting. Our father travelled about the country quite considerably before settling down in New York. He had been out as far west as California, and his family travelled with him. He was a civil engineer, but once he got the taste of politics he dropped the profession."

"My father was very bitterly opposed to his going into politics, and after he began to be attacked I joined with father in trying to dissuade him from continuing on those lines. But he said that he had never started anything that he didn't finish, and that he was going to be the head of Tammany. He was elected, Alderman and Coroner and to other offices, and, of course, the rest of his career is too well known for me to repeat it. "They said that my brother came from the dumps and he wouldn't make them contradict it. He just laughed. Our home was in 24th Street, between Fourth and Lexington Avenues. On one corner lived the Sloots. Mr. Sloan was Superintendent of the Harlem Railroad Company and Mr. Hurd, the President, lived in the same block. Richard went with a son of each into the Harlem Railroad machine shops. And years after, because he tried to learn something more about engineering, they called him a gang leader and a prizefighter."

"The first house we lived in was a mansion out where Central Park's sheep meadow now stands. Our mother was Frances Laura Westcott of Ballywatter, Ireland, and during her lifetime the Duke of Connaught was her guest. Is this the kind of stock from

smile on the face of the MacMonnies marble Civic Virtue during the performance. The mermaids at his feet appeared shocked at what they saw.

The actors in to-day's City Hall Park comedy are from the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, Cal.

which come gang leaders, saloon keepers and prizefighters?

"They say, too, that my brother made money in politics. In the Lexow Committee hearing, Mr. Moss, I think it was, asked him for whose pockets he was working. 'I'm working for my own,' was his answer. 'Whose pockets are you working for?' They let him alone after that. He had gone to Europe and had hardly arrived there when he learned of the Lexow Committee and that they wanted him as a witness. He turned right around and came home."

"My brother made his money through his keen insight and judgment. Most of it he made in real estate. He realized that the city's growth was bound to increase values in the outlying district and so he invested. 'I have no doubt that his position in politics brought him many a tip, but it was up to him to play the game.' He saw the opportunities of Palm Beach ten years ago and I am assured that his investments brought him returns amounting to a million dollars or more."

"I begged him to get out of Tammany Hall when the papers attacked him, but he said that such a course would never do. He said that Tammany was a great and big organization very much like an army, and that he was very much like a general. He said that there were lots of good men in Tammany, but that in every big organization there were rascals as there are in every walk of life."

WIFE'S JELLY BARRAGE IS ANSWERED BY SHOTS.

Husband Fires Twice at Woman, Then Sends Bullet Through His Head.

After firing two shots at his wife and threatening to kill his sixteen-year-old daughter, Joseph Maslakobko, fifty-two, No. 308 Kosuth Street, Union Hill, shot himself through the head last night. He was taken to the North Hudson Hospital, where it was said that he could not live.

When Maslakobko returned home from work he started to quarrel with his wife, Elma, forty-eight. Finally he went to a drawer and drawing the revolver, said he was going to kill her, according to the story the wife told the police. In her hands at the time Mrs. Maslakobko had a bowl of jelly, which she threw into his face. As she ran from the room the man fired two shots without effect. Elma, sixteen, a daughter, ran into the room and when she heard her father say he was going to kill her, she ran away before a shot was fired. Mother and daughter hurried for help and as policemen started to enter the house a shot was fired. Maslakobko was found with a bullet wound in his head.

DAVISON AT REST IN CEMETERY NEAR HIS L. I. ESTATE

Associates and Friends Honor Dead Financier at Simple Rites.

Funeral services for Henry P. Davison were held at St. John's, the little Protestant Episcopal Church in Lattintown, the community nearest Mr. Davison's country home, Peacock Point, a few miles from Locust Valley, L. I., at 11 o'clock to-day.

The building was not large enough to hold all the friends of Mr. Davison who gathered to honor his memory. They included those who had worked shoulder to shoulder with him as captains of industry, leaders in the war activities of the Red Cross, and public affairs generally, as well as those less in the public eye with whom he had hearty, wholehearted friendship. There were delegations from various clubs and societies; the employees of J. P. Morgan & Co., except such as could not be spared from the day's routine of the banking department, came in a body on one of the special trains to Locust Valley station and were taken to the church in the automobiles of neighbors of the Davison family.

Anticipating the large gathering, arrangements were made to seat two-thirds of the 1,500 who attended on the lawn about the church. The windows were thrown wide open and the chirping of the robins in the newly leaved, sunlit trees did not blur the words of the ritual as they were read by the clergy within.

In accordance with one of the last suggestions of the banker when he walked smilingly to almost certain death—that he hoped no one would wear mourning at his funeral or afterward—his family and friends followed his request. In all the gathering and the services the atmosphere was of salutation to a spirit bravely gone, rather than of sombre lamentation.

The programme of the services was simple. They were conducted by the rector of St. John's, the Rev. Charles W. Hinton, assisted by the Rev. Wendell Peabody, headmaster of Groton School and father of Mrs. F. Trubee Davison. A quartet from St. Bartholomew's, where the Davison family worshipped in the city, sang "Abide With Me" and "Gloria." "Christian Soldiers," the latter a particular favorite of Mr. Davison.

The coffin was borne on the shoulders of these pallbearers from the Morgan offices: William M. Mead, S. Duncan Marshall, Elliott C. Hodgkinson, John J. Bennett Jr., Malcolm D. Simpson, Edward D. Shaw, Charles Mett and Leonard A. Koenig.

All the partners of the Morgan firm who were in this country were grouped as honorary pallbearers. The list of those asked to serve included the absent.

The Union League Club as its com. mitee named Chauncey Dewey, Elihu Root, Samuel W. Kaichild, William H. Taft, Gen. John J. Pershing and Cornelius N. Bliss Jr. The burial was in the little cemetery in Peacock Lane near the church.

The National War Council of the Red Cross, of which Mr. Davison was head, was represented by Grayson W. P. Murphy, Charles D. Norton, John R. Hyman and others. Floral remembrances from all the national divisions of the Red Cross, and many individuals with whom Mr. Davison was associated in his war work, surrounded his coffin, which was covered with a blanket of American beauty roses and carnations.

Among the other flowers were wreaths from John D. Rockefeller and John D. Rockefeller Jr., one of sweet peas and the other of purple orchids. There was also a sheaf of flowers from F. L. Hine, former President of the First National Bank, under whom Mr. Davison had much of his early bank training. On the hillside near the church was an elderly woman in black who knelt devoutly throughout the service. She was embarrassed when she found attention had been attracted to her.

"It does not matter who I am," she said. "He was a very good man, and so I pray for him."

Simultaneously with the services at Locust Valley, services were held in Davison Park in Troy, the city of Mr. Davison's birth, where flags were put at half staff and all schools and business houses closed during the services.

WET WASH LAUNDRY HAD REAL WET GOODS

Police Say Five Men Went Into It Sober, Came Out Drunk.

There is something appropriate about the business of Ephraim Liban, who was arraigned in West Side Police Court to-day charged with violation of the Mullan-Gage act. He conducts a wet wash laundry.

Neighbors of Liban complained to the police that the demeanor of many of his male customers indicated that they entered his place at No. 70 West 16th Street more for personal irrigation than for laundry purposes. Detectives established a watch on the wet wash house last night.

His Bag of Oats Held 104 Eggs, 24 Has Been

Sailor Also Had a Box of Cigars and Was Hazy as to Place Robbed.

A man carrying a burlap bag passed Policeman Ed Ferguson of the East 67th Street Station at 81st Street and Third Avenue at 4 A. M. to-day. Something was dropping from the bag, but it wasn't hooch.

"What you got there?" asked the policeman. "Bag of oats," replied the way-farer.

"Going to an early feeding?" "You said it."

"Where'd you get 'em—the oats?" "Oh, over at 85th Street and Sixth Avenue."

"That'd be somewhere about the middle of Central Park, wouldn't it?" "For heaven's sake, can the talk and lock me up. I gotta bunch of eggs in the sack, if you must know."

Ferguson found 104 eggs and a couple of dozen that had been eggs recently, and a box of cigars. The prisoner said he was Mikita Prosaoff, forty-five, No. 25 South Street, a sailor, and had robbed a restaurant at No. 35 West 115th Street. When they investigated and told the prisoner it was an apartment house he said:

"Well, that's my story and I'm going to stick to it." So they are trying to find where he got the eggs so they can make a charge against him.

5TH AVE. LOAFING TO BE STOPPED BY MAGISTRATE

Four Tailors, Fined \$5 Each, Told to Spread Warning Streets Are for Pedestrians.

Magistrate McAdoo, sitting in Yorkville Court, gave notice to-day that the usurping of the sidewalks of Fifth Avenue as recreation grounds by any persons who ignore the right of citizens to their safe and orderly use as a pedestrian highway is to be severely punished.

Policeman Odze of the East Thirty-fifth Street Station arraigned Joseph Ciccarelli, of No. 223 Crotona Avenue, the Bronx, Emilie Miele, of No. 1221 52d Street, Brooklyn, Ralph Vicino, of No. 85 Forsyth Street, Brooklyn, and Albert Delmadia, of No. 732 East 15th Street, charging them with disorderly conduct. They are all tailors.

He said he found them in the centre of a noisy group in the middle of the sidewalk at Fifth Avenue and 37th Street at noon yesterday. They were blocking all who sought to go up and down the street and did not hesitate to elbow and shove aside those who tried to crowd through their gathering, he said.

The policeman said when he told them to keep moving and to make room for those who had business up or down the street, they told him this was "a free country and the police didn't own the streets."

"You people come here from tyranny and oppression in Europe and think that the lack of brutality in our Government means that we are afraid of you and that you own us. Decent and law abiding people, who established these clean and well paved highways so that all might use them, are forced to step aside when you take possession of them for a loafing ground."

"I, myself, passing along Fifth Avenue, have been obliged to risk my life, with other law abiding, considerate citizens by taking to the street in order to pass such as you."

"As an incentive to you to understand that this city owns the streets and has established laws of human decency and civilization for their use, and that the law of the catchword, you are fined \$5 each. If you will spread the news among your friends and associates you may be the means of saving many of them fines even more severe."

MAN FOUND ON TRACKS WITH FRACTURED SKULL

Daniel Gruber, thirty-five, of Tremont N. J., was found unconscious with a fractured skull early to-day, beside the railroad tracks at Tremley. People living in the vicinity said that he had been attacked by two men and robbed. He was taken to the Elizabeth General Hospital.

WET WASH LAUNDRY HAD REAL WET GOODS

Police Say Five Men Went Into It Sober, Came Out Drunk.

There is something appropriate about the business of Ephraim Liban, who was arraigned in West Side Police Court to-day charged with violation of the Mullan-Gage act. He conducts a wet wash laundry.

Neighbors of Liban complained to the police that the demeanor of many of his male customers indicated that they entered his place at No. 70 West 16th Street more for personal irrigation than for laundry purposes. Detectives established a watch on the wet wash house last night.

They testified to-day that between 11 o'clock P. M. and 2 o'clock A. M. five men entered the laundry sober and emerged drunk. In the place they found, they swore, several quarts of rye whiskey or liquid alleged to be rye whiskey and twelve gallons of wine and apparatus for making wine, beer and whiskey.

Liban waived examination and was held in \$500 bail for trial.

RYAN VS. CHAMBERS FOR PRESIDENCY OF EDUCATION BOARD

With Hyland's Backing, Former Is Looked Upon as the Winner.

The Board of Education to-day holds its annual meeting, at which a President will be elected to succeed Anning S. Prall, who resigned that non-paying position after Mayor Hyland's second election to accept \$7,000 as a member of the Board of Taxes and Assessments. The two candidates between whom choice lies are George J. Ryan, Vice President and Acting President, a Queens real estate operator, long a member of the Board of Education, and Harry B. Chambers, a Bronx attorney, and a comparatively new member of the board.

Every indication points to the election of Mr. Ryan. In addition to the fact that since Jan. 1 he has been Acting President, and four years before that was Vice President, Mr. Ryan a week ago to-day began a new seven-year term. Last winter Mr. Ryan was emphatic in his determination to refuse reappointment by Mayor Hyland. Business pressure was ascribed as the reason. Upon Mr. Prall's promotion, Mr. Ryan's purpose was not so emphatic, and when he finally consented to accept appointment to the board for another seven years, it was understood by those familiar with that body that Mayor Hyland had used an argument other than merely devotion to duty.

Until a few weeks ago it had been virtually decided to elect Mr. Chambers to the Presidency. He has done most of the wise-polling since his appointment a year and a half ago. But all the members of the Board of Education belong to Mayor Hyland's party and have readily given the Mayor whatever he wanted. In fact, most of the trouble the board has found itself in has been connected in some way with charges of Hyland-Tammany politics.

SUSPECT IN DOORWAY HAD LOADED REVOLVER

Detectives Follow Four Men in Taxi and Arrest One.

A taxicab containing four men stopped in front of No. 226 East 80th Street, at 3.30 A. M. to-day and one man went in and began fumbling about the bells. Detectives Benfer and Wallace of East 87th Street Station, who had been following them, arrested him and they found a loaded revolver in his pocket. He described himself as William Deverak, thirty-nine, a waiter, of No. 235 Wilson Avenue.

The three men in the taxi were searched and allowed to go.

Fire Ties Up "L."

A slight fire, apparently caused by imperfect electric insulation, occurred this morning on the west side of the elevated railroad structure at 76th Street and Columbus Avenue. Firemen ascended to the tracks with extinguishers and soon had the flames out. The fire, which was burned and for fifteen minutes southbound traffic was interrupted.

LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"

Cigarette

It's toasted. This one extra process gives a rare and delightful quality impossible to duplicate.

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co.

TETLEY'S

Makes good TEA a certainty

After a trying morning at home, a hard day at the office, an afternoon shopping or any other tiring thing, you'll find Tetley's Orange Pekoe a perfect pick-me-up. A steaming cup is refreshing, stimulating and wonderfully comforting.

In 10c, quarter-pound, half-pound and one-pound packages.

TETLEY'S

TEA

ORANGE PEKOE